The Sketch

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"THIS DAY—NOW—
WE ARE MASTERS OF OUR FATE . . ."

THE PRIME MINISTER *has never attempted to disguise the magnitude of the effort required to win the war; but he has never wavered in his certainty of ultimate victory. This new smiling portrait might well have been taken as he said, in his historic speech to Congress last December:* "*Sure I am that this day—now—we are masters of our fate; that the task which has been set us is not above our strength. . . . As long as we have faith in our cause, and an unconquerable will-power, salvation will not be denied us.*"

PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

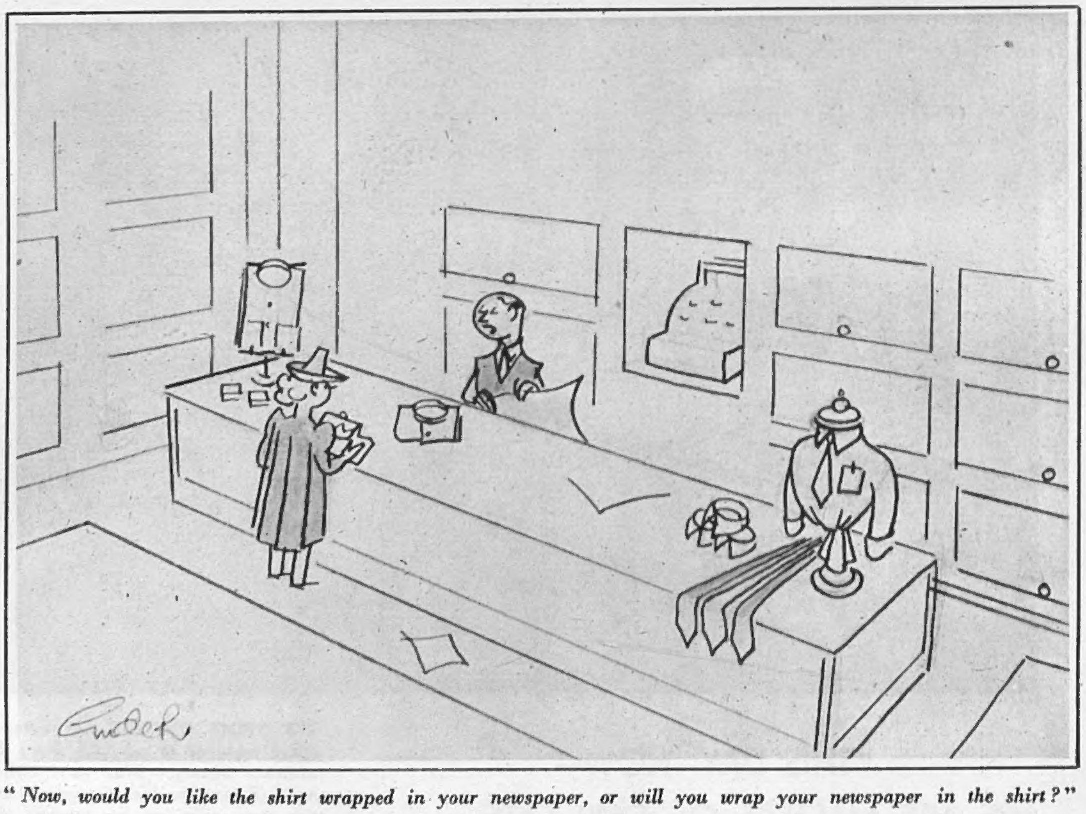
Blue Prints and Blue Pencils. During the last week I have received three separate invitations, or exhortations, to plan the New World. I am extremely flattered, but I have declined courteously; if I get any more invitations, I am going to decline them rather less than courteously, because I am sick of plans and planners, and I think that many of the people who are engaged on this new form of parlour-game are just making jobs for themselves, or else wasting public time and money. I am sorry to see that the plan-epidemic has also broken out in America, and already a number of earnest and ingenious persons are drawing up sub-charters to "implement" (how they love that majestic word!) the Atlantic Charter. Well, I dare say the Atlantic Charter was a very fine, noble document, and all the best people regard it as a sort of Magna Charter; but, for my own part, remembering the history of so many beautiful Pacts, I never felt much enthusiasm for it, because I do not believe in making large promises which you may or may not be able to "implement."

"Hello! Is that the Admiralty? I want my 5s. 2½d. transferred to the Tank Fund. I completely disagree with your policy of building big battleships!" (DRAWN BY GAIS.)

"Remould It Nearer to the Heart's Desire." Whether I am right or wrong about that, I wish that all these talented persons would devote more of their energies to problems of the present and less to mistakes of the past and dreams of the future. All this escape into the visionary future seems to me only another form of the wishful thinking which is responsible, more than anything else, for our present adversities. But your chronic Planner is quite incorrigible. One of the invitations which I have received comes from an organisation which assembles a most impressive galaxy of Vice-Presidents on its letter-head. (With many "distinguished" persons, the most persistent of all vices is Vice-Presidency.) I am quite sure that if a horde of invading Germans were to burst in upon the deliberations of this body, the Chairman would say: "Go away, go away! This interruption is most unseemly, gentlemen! You do not seem to understand that we are engaged on a task of the utmost international importance!" There were, I believe, members of the staff of the League of Nations who struck dramatic attitudes and heroically remained at their posts in Geneva, at the time when it seemed probable that Germany would invade Switzerland, because they believed that they must at all costs "carry on with their work."

Blimpery. Ah, well! The severe pain which these dear, good souls cause me in the neck, the feet, and most of the joints, proves to me that I am not, and never can be, an "idealist." And I suppose that means that I am just a Blimp. If I don't look out, I will find my moustache trickling down to my collar. Poor old Blimp! I see that a Member of Parliament has caused much laughter (in brackets) by inventing the brilliantly witty word, Blimpery. Anything that you do not happen to agree with is Blimpery. For instance, to a Communist, Socialism or Collectivism is sheer Blimpery, and doubtless to an Anarchist, Communism is the most pathetic kind of Blimpery. The chief trouble with Blimp was that he was a retired Colonel; and everybody knows that to serve the State all one's life on inadequate pay, and then to retire into obscurity on a pittance, stamps a man not only as a social parasite but as the legitimate butt of all the Intelligentsia. This despicable creature was the invention of Mr. Low, for whose talent I have the greatest admiration. But I have been looking through a number of Mr. Low's pre-war cartoons, and Gad, Sir! I wonder whether Mr. Low now thinks that the cretinous Colonel was always as wrong as he was represented to be? It seems to me that Blimp, in his stupid way, sometimes blundered on simple truths which escaped the notice of cleverer persons. However, the clever persons are now the Planners, and the sceptics are still the Blimps. As Blimp himself remarked in one of his more profound moments, it takes all sorts to make a world; and it certainly takes all sorts to make a new heaven and a new earth.

Sackcloth and Ashes. I want to know, please, whether the New Order, whether of the Planiacs or of Hitler, will include plenty of soap? My mind seems to run a good deal nowadays—and I am not ashamed of it—on the Christian virtues of faith, soap and charity. Not without pain do I see an allegation (I cannot vouch for its justice) that less than two months



"Now, would you like the shirt wrapped in your newspaper, or will you wrap your newspaper in the shirt?"
DRAWN BY ENDER.

ago we sold one million bars, or five hundred tons, of soap to Spain. I would not discourage the soaply aspirations of a single Caballero, but I could do with a fraction of those five hundred tons myself, and I do not like the thought that a considerable portion of it may reach Germany via Spain. There now arises the question of substitutes. There used to be, and, for all I know, there still is, an advertisement for a popular brand of soap in the simple but significant words: "Won't wash clothes." It seems now that there is a kind of soap which will wash clothes, but won't wash faces. It appears to consist principally of wood ashes, preferably oak ashes, with a *soupçon* of bacon-fat, if available. This may be suitable—indeed, it seems very appropriate—for laundering sack-cloth, to which we may all come ere long; but I cannot reconcile myself to stimulating my schoolgirl complexion with ashes, and as for bacon-fat, it is essentially for internal application only. In my opinion, the thing simply won't wash.

The Grand Scale.

You will soon hear, I doubt not, of black market transactions in millions of cakes of soap; for our racketeers think in millions, and one cannot help admiring the Napoleonic scale of their ambitions. I think it was Mr. Edgar Wallace's engaging gangster, Tony Pirelli, who remarked that anything less than a "grand" (one thousand dollars) just wasn't money to him. Similarly, our black market buccaneers seem to have the same sort of million-minded approach to illicit commodities as a Chancellor of the Exchequer has to pounds. The police are certainly living nowadays in a world of romance, which must be a refreshing contrast to prosecuting small fry for black-out offences and exceeding the speed limit. Imagine the sensations of the Chief Inspector who, "from information received," tracked down 150,000 Treasury notes in suit-cases, trunks and bags—and is hot on the trail of another 350,000! Short of discovering Captain Kidd's treasure, I can imagine nothing more calculated to brighten a lot which notoriously is "not a happy one." There has been another case concerning 240 tons of stolen molasses—a staggering thought! This resulted in thirty-four prosecutions, and fines totalling £10,000. Another brisk little transaction involved no fewer than 305,000 clothing coupons. This is doing things on the grand scale, and crime of this kind is almost worth encouraging for the benefit of the Exchequer. One would be inclined to call these offenders true patriots, if most of them did not have strangely exotic names.

What to Do with Our Boys.

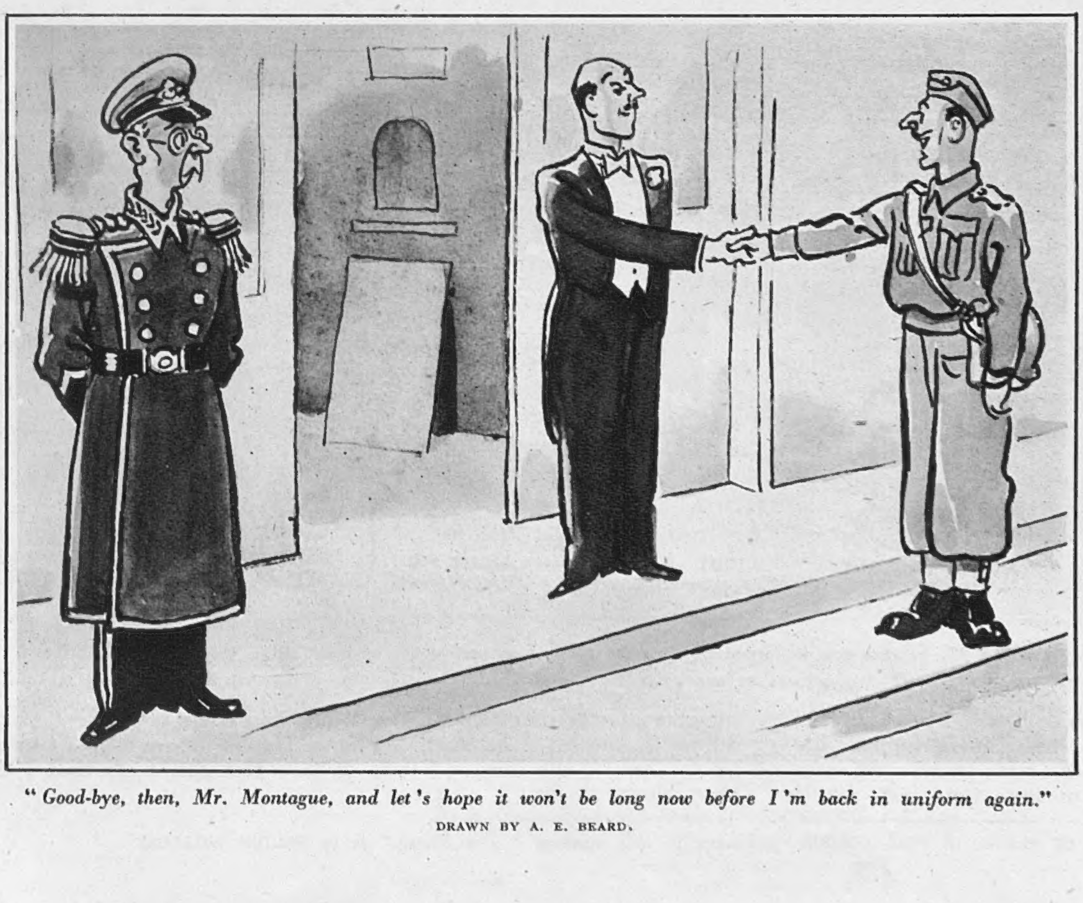
How can you expect the young to be attracted to a life of honest but drab respectability when, with a little enterprise, they can acquire trunks-full of Treasury notes or clothing coupons? And yet there are other and equally glittering opportunities for them. They can, for example, grit their teeth and learn Japanese; and after eighteen months of martyrdom, the Board of Education offers them a commission in the Army. This opens up interesting possibilities. If there is no ugly rush of volunteers (which is to be feared), why not, instead of sending our black lambs to Borstal and Approved Schools, *make* them learn Japanese and open up a new career for themselves? On well-known War Office principles, an officer with a knowledge of Japanese would be almost certain to get a high command in Iceland or Norway, and would be a made man. The argument *con* is, I suppose, that we have given up torture in this country; but these niceties should not be pressed too far.

"We never took him seriously until one of his posers stumped the Brains Trust."

DRAWN BY PITTS.

Loaves and Fishes.

We neglect far too many opportunities of useful citizenship in our backward system of education. For example, nearly every boy is a natural-born fisherman. There are few thrills of childhood like the thrill of a wriggling tiddler on the end of a piece of string. Unfortunately, this sporting instinct is nipped in the bud, because, when the young angler grows up, he finds that he cannot catch a salmon or a trout with string, a pin, a worm, and a pickle-bottle; and that even if he could, salmon and trout are disappointingly scarce in puddles and ponds. Here is a great opportunity missed. The other day a soldier spent his leave on a fishing holiday in Scotland, arranged by the National Association of Fishery Boards. He caught 20 salmon in 13 days, weighing 368 pounds, and worth £300 at market prices. (Yes, I know it is a fishing story, but *I saw it in print.*) And it is not only aristocratic fish like salmon that we ought to think about. There is a suggestion that we should draw on our lakes and rivers for perch, pike, carp and other coarse fish, which are said to be definitely edible if so well stuffed with garlic, aniseed, red pepper, assafœtida and other aromatic substances that you can't taste the fish. We ought to have an army of young fishermen up and down the country, and then perhaps we should not have to pretend to our wives and ourselves that cod, lurking behind ingenious camouflage, is anything else but cod.



"Good-bye, then, Mr. Montague, and let's hope it won't be long now before I'm back in uniform again."

DRAWN BY A. E. BEARD.

[*Continued overleaf.*

Continued.]

Tush, Ladies! A tit-bit or two of pike or perch would also be very acceptable to the cat. I cannot notice any shrinkage in my cat—indeed, in spite of his habitual, hypocritical protestations to the contrary, he is distinctly convex in figure; but it is certainly a problem how to meet all his demands, which are of that selfish kind so eloquently denounced by Sir Stafford Cripps. How an Alsatian or a Great Dane supports life in present circumstances I cannot guess. This problem led to a painful scene in a restaurant the other day. The fond owner of a large dog, which sat up on his chair like a perfect little gentleman, ordered a bowl of soup and a roll of bread for her darling. This was too much for a neighbouring customer, who evidently regarded it as a case of "a bowl of soup, a loaf of bread and Thou." She not only knocked the dog off his chair, but, with well-directed umbrella, gave the dog-fancier one to be going on with. The adversaries then parted, one to the Food Office, and one to the Police Station. Now, which department will win? I see a rich and copious file growing out of the incident, and a nice problem of justice for some Stipendiary Solomon.

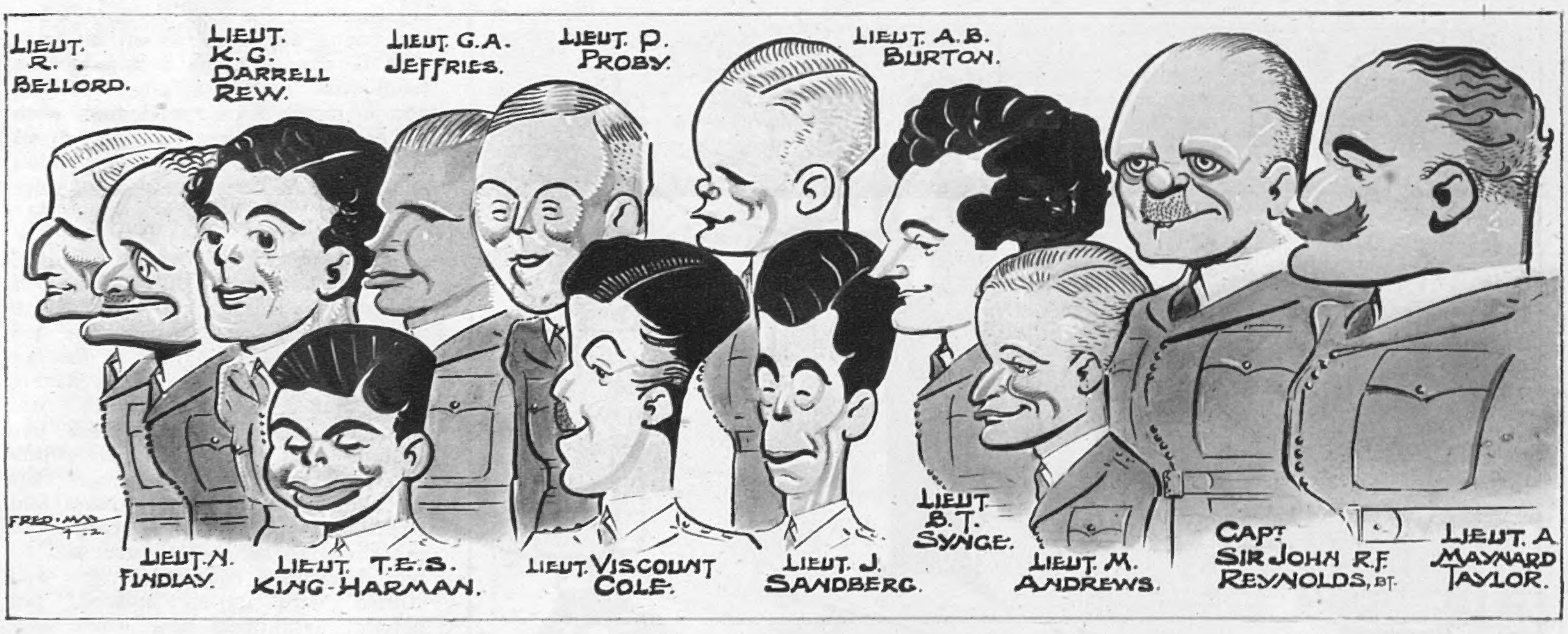
Fat for All. To return, however, to fish—and that, after all, is what we constantly have to do when the week's joint is running low. It is not only that we neglect carp, barbel and sticklebacks (which surely would make excellent mock-whitebait ?), but there are also seals. A correspondent has reported to *The Times* that a seal was recently seen taking the air on Chiswick Eyot. Whether or not it was juggling coloured globes, and whether or not it ran off with somebody's bottle of Guinness, is not stated; but it was a seal as large as life. There is much talk of deficiency of fats; why not seal-blubber, especially as this country during the last month has been indistinguishable from the Arctic Zone? Who knows? One of these days a whale may come and bask outside the House of Commons, and there will be a wild rush of Members for fat to take home for frying. And, of course, there is always the Loch Ness Monster. That ought to render down rather richly, and it is high time the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries did something about it.

"NO, Lieutenant Smethwick, we do not come under the heading 'Medical Comforts'!"

DRAWN BY FELIX ALLEN.

Cruelty To Animals. Up to the present time I have always envied the brute creation its imperviousness to the wireless. We all know that a certain intelligent dog was very much interested in His Master's Voice, but I have never known any other dog respond in the slightest degree to the dulcet tones of Alan, Bruce and Alvar. Even Wilfred leaves them cold, and although I have often expected them to howl at a musical programme (and many a time have nearly howled myself), they just can't be bothered. A cat, again, will sleep with contemptuous indifference through a speech by a Cabinet Minister and even through the Brains Trust. But I always knew that it would not be long before we began to torment these helpless victims with the marvels of science, and now I see that Army dogs are receiving their orders by "remote control," each carrying its own receiving set. This seems to be a case for the R.S.P.C.A.

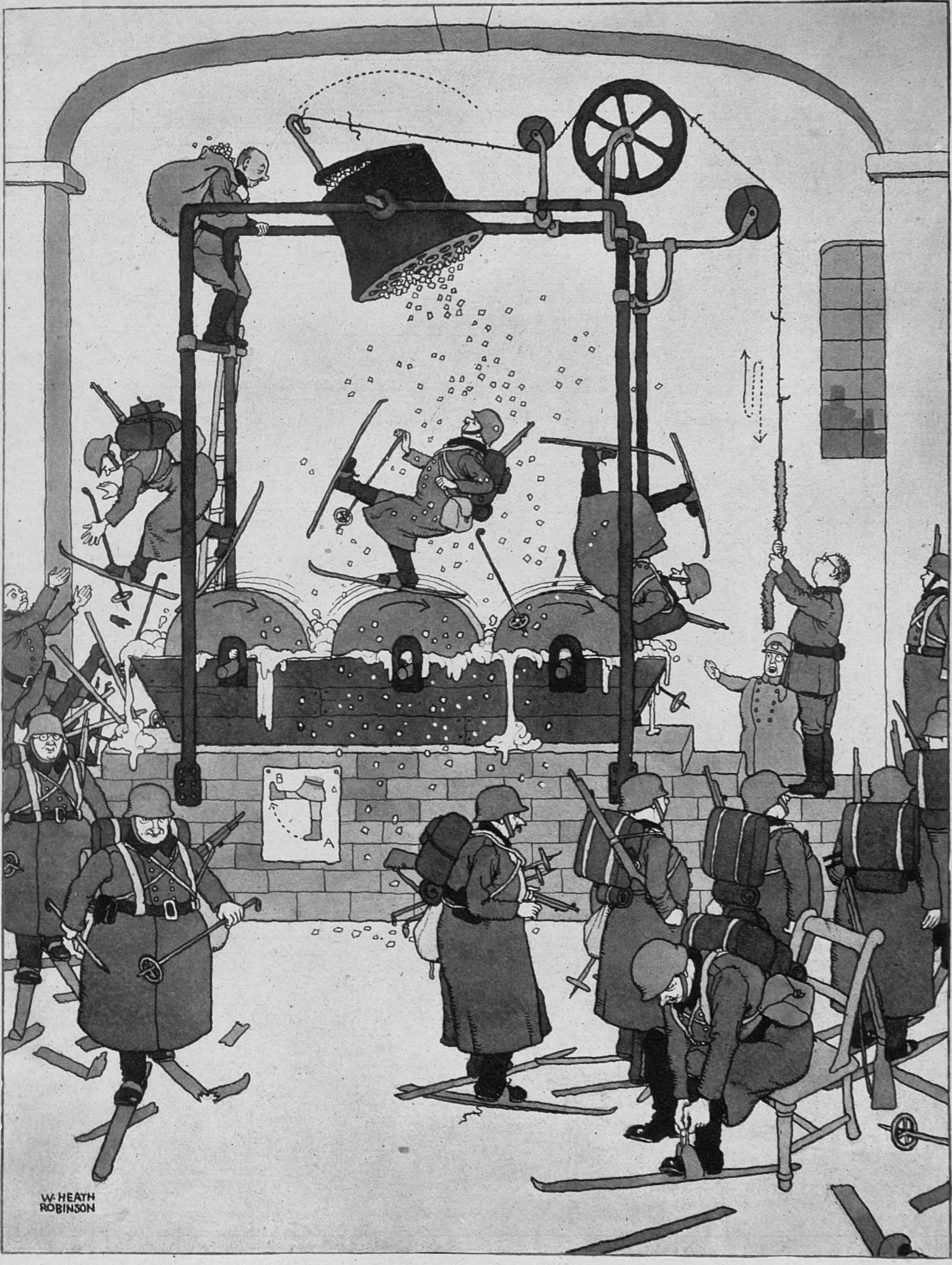
A Shrewd Blow. Many and marvellous are bomb experiences, but perhaps the old woman of Belfast holds the record. She was dug out of the débris by a member of a Dublin Fire Brigade which had come to help. "It's all right, mother," he said, "I'm a Dublin fireman." "Glory be to God!" she cried. "Who'd have thought, now, that I'd been blown so far!"



Fred May anticipated St. Patrick's Day (March 17, in case you've forgotten) when he drew these caricatures of some IRISH GUARDS *officers.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

The thirty-second of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* WILTON WILLIAMS.

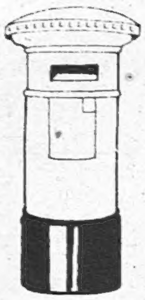


A NEW METHOD OF TRAINING YOUNG GERMAN SKI-TROOPS TO DO THE GOOSE-STEP ON THE FROZEN STEPPES OF RUSSIA.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Faith has resigned from the A.R.P. and joined the W.A.A.F.s. She said she simply couldn't bear reading about Germany's stupendous preparations for their spring offensive and go on living more or less comfortably at home any longer. We all think this is a tremendous gesture on her part, because, of course, she isn't as young as she was, and has always lived a rather luxurious sort of life. The Conductor, naturally, is distraught, and is moving heaven and earth to get into the Air Force, which he hasn't the faintest chance of doing. Faith was rather worried about her little W.A.A.F. hat at first. She said it was years since she had worn a hat really *on* her head, but she has got used to it now, and the result is a fair treat.

"She said it was years since she had worn a hat really on her head."

Lady B. and I are wildly jealous. We, too, have guilty feelings about living in our homes, and last week Lady B. went and offered herself to the A.T.S. "I am seventy-two," she said, "and I know you are thinking I would look ridiculous in uniform. But I'm perfectly healthy, good-tempered, and amenable to discipline. I'm not suggesting I should harness myself to a gun and pull it up hills, but I am suggesting that I might sit in a hostel and do the mending and the catering, and keep a motherly eye on the girls. I like girls. I've had two daughters of my own, and I know how to talk to them."

The A.T.S. shook their heads sadly. "All you say is perfectly true," they said, "except about you looking ridiculous in uniform, because we think you'd look very nice." (Lady B. said afterwards that it must be true about the Recruiting Officers being chosen for their tact.) "We'd love to have you, but the age-limit *is* forty-five, you know."

Lady B. bumbled sadly back in the bus, and called in at our house on the way home for comfort. Charles was so sorry for her that he gave her a glass of our last bottle of sherry, which Lady B. accepted without demur, and that just shows how low her spirits were.

"Personally, I'm delighted that you were turned down," said Charles, handing her a glass, "though I think they were fools not to jump at you You'd be worth your not inconsiderable weight in gold to any hostel, Lady B., darling. But, personally, I feel that this war is quite dreary enough down here without having you taken away from us."

"Dear Charles!" said Lady B.

"Look at Henrietta brooding away in that chair," said Charles. "I know exactly what she's going to say."

"What?" I said.

"That you want to go and make munitions."

"Well, I do."

"O.K.," said Charles. "Just find a woman to come and live in this house who is prepared to do the housekeeping, and look after me without getting on my nerves, and cook when Evensong is out, and fuss over Bill and the Linnet when they come home, and not mind if I don't speak when I'm tired, and do two hours in the garden every afternoon, and all without pay. Then you can go and get ill in a munitions factory whenever you like." Charles recklessly poured himself out a second glass of sherry and tossed it off.

"'What's the matter?' said Charles."

There was a long silence, and then suddenly, like a blinding flash, a Thought came into my head. "Lady B.!" I said.

Lady B. and Charles stared at each other, and then Charles said in an awed voice: "I can't imagine anything nicer."

"Nor can I," said Lady B., and he flew, as they say, into her arms and was folded to her breast.

"I hope you won't mind if I come home on leave sometimes," I said bitterly.

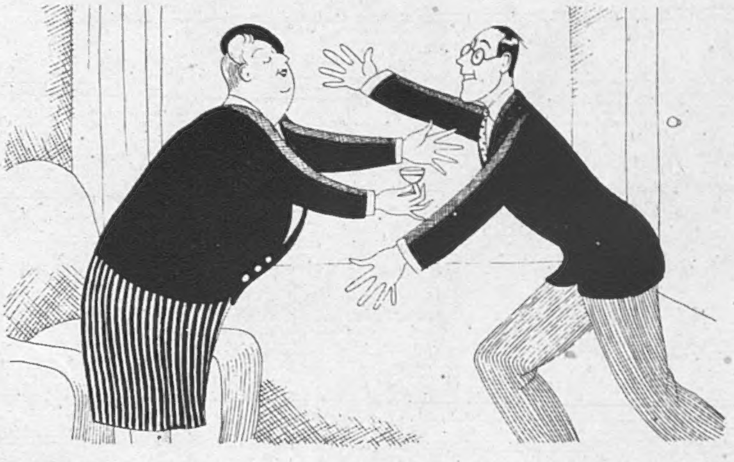
But Lady B. was frowning and pushing Charles away from her. "Charles," she said, "I couldn't manage the garden. I'm a strong, healthy woman, but I could *not* do two hours gardening every afternoon."

Charles looked at me doubtfully. "Perhaps I'd better keep her," he said, as though I were a new-born kitten.

So here I am, Robert, still in the Old Home, and practising the negative virtues of the wartime housekeeper. I'd rather be making munitions.

I have had a present. Two pairs of real silk stockings from Ceylon. When I opened the parcel I nearly fainted. They were so lovely I couldn't make up my mind to wear them, and the Linnet began to enquire about them in a very meaning sort of way, so that I took them out of my stocking drawer and locked them away in my desk for safety.

Then one day I did wear them. I always thought they would make their début at Bill's or the Linnet's wedding, or possibly the Peace Celebrations, but actually I wore them on the day our boiler burst, because by seven-thirty p.m., with no drink in the house, civilian morale was running distinctly low, and silk stockings seemed the only things that could possibly raise it. Oh, the lovely, smooth, silky sheen of those stockings! I don't care what anybody says, lisle thread never gave a woman leg-assurance yet. When Charles came home, he found me swooning in an ecstasy.



"He flew into her arms."

"Look, Charles! Look at my lovely stockings!"

"Very nice. Your legs are your only claim to beauty, Henrietta."

"But they're *real silk*, Charles!"

"Take care you don't get a ladder," said Charles, in a killjoy sort of way.

"Don't be silly, Charles," I said. "How could I get a ladder just sitting in a chair?"

In the middle of dinner I laid down my knife and fork and stared across the table. "What's the matter?" said Charles. "Have you got a pain?"

Something had gone "Ping!" at my knee and then run down my shin like the stroking of a gentle finger. But I had had my hour.

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

EVERY WOMAN'S RECIPES.

POTAGE MINUTE.

2 cupfuls of Oxo.	1 cup of milk.
1 cupful of tomato purée.	1 large onion.
Salt.	Pepper.

Pour into a saucepan the Oxo, milk, and tomato purée. Bring to the boil, add a grated raw onion and serve in cups or soup-plates, as preferred.

BOULETTES DE CÉRÉALES.

2 oz. haricot beans.	2 oz. lentils.
2 oz. pearl barley.	2 oz. rice.
2 onions.	1 cabbage.
Herbs.	2 oz. margarine.
3 spoonfuls flour.	2 Oxo cubes.
Salt.	Pepper.

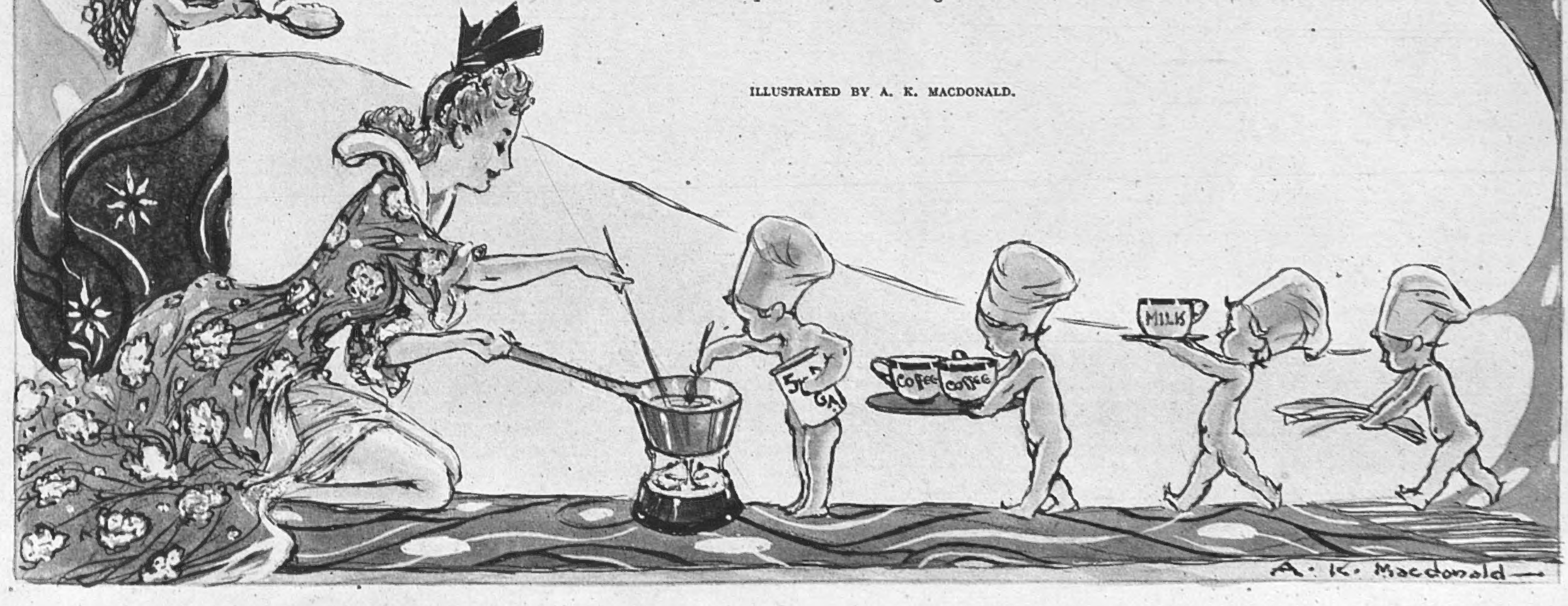
Fill a large saucepan with cold water, add 2 oz. of haricot beans and let them boil for half an hour. At the end of that time add 2 oz. of pearl barley and leave for a further half-hour. Then add 2 oz. of lentils, and at the end of yet another half-hour 2 oz. of rice. Remove from the fire and strain at the end of the fourth half-hour. (The haricot beans having thus boiled for 2 hours.) Meanwhile, fry 2 onions in a little margarine and at the same time plunge a large cabbage into boiling water. Directly the water re-boils remove the cabbage and wash it in cold water. Separate each leaf carefully, taking care not to split the cabbage, and cut off the hard stalk at the base. Next, mix the cereals with the onions and whatever herbs you have in the house, finely chopped, and fill each leaf with the mixture, seasoned to taste, wrapping the cabbage tightly round so as to form a neat ball. Grease a dish thoroughly, cover the bottom with the cabbage-leaves which are too small to serve as wrappings, place the balls in rows, cover with other odd bits of the cabbage and pour over the whole a fairly liquid brown sauce. (This sauce, it will be remembered, is made with 2 oz. of margarine, 3 dessertspoonfuls of flour and 4 cupfuls of Oxo.) Leave in a moderate oven for 1½ hours. Note: This dish is improved if it is made one day and heated up and eaten the next.

BAVAROISE AU CAFÉ.

4 teaspoonfuls of sugar.	1 cupful of milk.
2 cupfuls of strong coffee.	3 sheets of gelatine (if in a powder ¾ of an oz.)

Mix together the coffee, milk and sugar over a low fire. Melt the gelatine in half-a-cupful of water, and when liquid pass it through a fine strainer into the coffee. Place the mixture in a bowl, leave it in a cool place until it starts to set, then whip strongly. Leave it for an hour, beat it once more, and then leave it until quite stiff. Place the bowl for a minute in very hot water and then turn out on a dish. If you have any cream off the milk, whip it up, and use as a garnish.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. K. MACDONALD.



SERGT. ALFRED CLIVE HULME, V.C., of the New Zealand Military Forces.

During the fighting in Crete, Sergeant Hulme repeatedly stalked and killed snipers—his total bag was 33—and was responsible for the wiping-out of nest after nest of machine-gunners holding up our troops, and inflicting heavy casualties on them. He exhibited most outstanding valour.

LIEUT. (ACTING CAPTAIN) ERIC CHARLES TWELVES WILSON, V.C., East Surrey Regiment (attached Somaliland Camel Corps).

Captain Wilson, although ill with malaria and severely wounded, kept his post in Somaliland in action against repeated and determined Italian artillery attacks. He was reported killed in action when the award was announced, but later the War Office stated that he is a prisoner in Italian hands.

2ND LIEUT. CHARLES HAZLITT UPHAM, V.C., of the New Zealand Military Forces.

During the fighting in Crete, 2nd Lieut. Upham displayed cool-headed courage, repeated again and again throughout nine days of terrible fighting. His exploits included the destruction of enemy nests of machine-guns holding up the advance of his sections; rescuing wounded, bringing in companies isolated by the enemy, and other feats of daring.

LCE.-CPL. HARRY NICHOLLS, V.C., Grenadier Guards.

On May 21, 1940, Lance-Corporal Nicholls was commanding a section during the retirement on Dunkirk when the company was ordered to counter-attack. He was wounded early in the attack, but succeeded, by Bren-gun fire, in silencing machine-guns firing at close range. He was wounded four times and absolutely refused to give in. He is a prisoner of war.

BRIGADIER (ACTING) JOHN CHARLES CAMPBELL, V.C., D.S.O. and Bar, M.C., Royal Horse Artillery.

Brigadier Campbell was commanding the troops in the area of Sidi Rezegh ridge on November 21, 1941. Wherever the situation was most difficult he was to be seen with his forward troops. During the final attack on November 22 he was wounded, but continued in the forefront. His example was an inspiration.

Left: 2ND LIEUT. PREMINDRA SINGH BHAGAT, V.C., the first King's Commissioned Indian Officer to receive the V.C.

For 96 hours, during the pursuit of the enemy following the capture of Metemma on the night of Jan. 31-Feb. 1, 2nd Lieut. Bhagat's coolness, persistence and gallantry were of the highest order.

THE LATE COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR GEORGE GRISTOCK, V.C., Royal Norfolk Regiment.

C.S.M. Gristock, who has since died of wounds, showed tremendous gallantry when his company was holding a position on the line of the Escaut. He realised that an enemy machine-gun had moved forward to a position where it was inflicting heavy casualties. He set out to put it out of action and, in spite of wounds, succeeded.

THE LATE PETTY OFFICER ALFRED EDWARD SEPHTON, V.C., of the cruiser "Coventry."

Sephton showed conspicuous bravery during a Nazi dive-bombing attack off Crete on May 20. The cruisers "Coventry" and "Phœbe" went to the rescue of the British hospital ship "Aba" after she had radioed S O S. Sephton, in one of the gun-director towers, was mortally wounded, but carried on, and died after the action.

Right: FLIGHT LIEUT. JAMES BRINDLEY NICOLSON, V.C., R.A.F.

Flight Lieut. Nicolson was the first R.A.F. fighter pilot to receive the V.C. during this war. During an engagement on August 16, 1940, his aircraft was hit. While about to abandon his burning 'plane, he sighted an enemy, which he shot down, in spite of receiving serious burns.

THE LATE SUBADAR RICHPAL RAM, V.C., 6th Rajputana Rifles, Indian Army.

The heroism, determination and devotion to duty shown by Subadar Richpal Ram were beyond all praise and provided an inspiration to everyone about him. His posthumous V.C. is the second conferred on the Indian Army in this war.

Left: THE LATE COMMANDER EDWARD FEGEN, V.C., R.N.

The late Com. Fegen, captain of the "Jervis Bay," was awarded the V.C. for giving his life to save the many ships it was his duty to protect when the "Jervis Bay," a lightly-armed merchant cruiser, was escorting 38 merchantmen. On sighting a German pocket-battleship he drew out from the convoy and made for the enemy. The "Jervis Bay" went down, but 33 of the 38 merchantmen were saved.

LIEUT. (NOW CAPTAIN) HARALD MARCUS ERVINE-ANDREWS, V.C., East Lancashire Regiment.

Captain Ervine-Andrews, who gained one of the first two V.C.s awarded to the Army in this war, displayed conspicuous gallantry during the retirement on Dunkirk.

THE LATE CAPTAIN B. A. W. WARBURTON-LEE, V.C., R.N., of the destroyer "Hardy."

Captain B. A. W. Warburton-Lee, of the destroyer "Hardy," who led the Second Destroyer Flotilla in the first battle of Narvik on April 10, and successfully engaged a superior enemy force with gallantry and daring, was posthumously awarded the first V.C. of the war.

LIEUT.-COLONEL ARTHUR EDWARD CUMMING, V.C., M.C., 12th Frontier Force Regiment, Indian Army.

In January 1942 in Malaya, Lieut.-Colonel Cumming, by his outstanding gallantry, was largely instrumental in the safe withdrawal of the brigade. He counter-attacked with energy, and, though wounded, drove in a carrier, collecting detachments of men.

PRIVATE JAMES HEATHER GORDON, V.C., of the Australian Military Forces.

During the fighting near Djezzine, Syria, Private Gordon's company came under fire from a fortified post. On his own initiative, Gordon crept forward over an area swept by fire, charged the post and killed the four machine-gunners with the bayonet.

THE V.C. LOOK—TWENTY-NINE OUT OF THE THIRTY-ONE MEN WHO IN THIS WAR HAVE WON THE HIGHEST AWARD.

ACTING WING COMMANDER HUGHIE IDWAL EDWARDS, V.C., D.F.C., Australian bomber-ace.

Acting Wing Com. Edwards, of No. 105 Squadron, won the first V.C. to be awarded during this war to an Australian airman. In July 1941 he led an important attack on the port of Bremen in daylight. In spite of a hail of fire he made a successful attack. Throughout the execution of the operation, which he had planned personally, he displayed the highest possible standard of gallantry and determination.

THE LATE FLYING OFFICER DONALD EDWARD GARLAND, V.C.

The late Flying Officer Donald Edward Garland was pilot of the leading aircraft of a formation of five which attacked a bridge over the Albert Canal during the German invasion of Belgium. In spite of patrols of enemy fighters and anti-aircraft and machine-gun fire, the bridge was destroyed. Only one machine returned.

SERGEANT PILOT JAMES A. WARD, V.C. (reported missing in September 1941), of the New Zealand Forces.

Sergeant Pilot James A. Ward, the first New Zealand V.C., displayed great gallantry and coolness when second pilot of a Wellington bomber. Returning from Munster, he climbed out on the wing to attack fire burning near the starboard engine. He failed to return from a raid last September.

LIEUT.-COM. MALCOLM DAVID WANKLYN, V.C., D.S.O., R.N.

While in command of the submarine "Upholder," Captain Wanklyn showed outstanding valour. While on patrol he sighted an enemy troop convoy, strongly escorted. The "Upholder's" listening gear was out of action, and the light made periscope observation unreliable, but he sank a troop-ship and brought his ship to harbour.

Left: SERGEANT JOHN DANIEL HINTON, V.C., New Zealand Military Forces.

A German column converged on a force of our troops waiting in Greece for embarkation. The order to retreat was given, but Hinton, shouting "To hell with this! Who'll come with me?" dashed forward and wiped out the crew of the nearest German gun with hand-grenades. He was only taken prisoner after being wounded.

Right: THE LATE ACTING LEADING SEAMAN JACK FOREMAN MANTLE, V.C.

The late Acting Leading Seaman Mantle, of H.M.S. "Foylebank," was in charge of a pom-pom when the ship was attacked by enemy aircraft in July 1940. Early in the action his left leg was shattered by a bomb, but he remained at his post. He was wounded again in many places, and fell by the gun. The V.C. was conferred posthumously.

Right: THE LATE LIEUT.-COM. EUGENE ESMONDE, V.C., D.S.O., R.N.

Lieut.-Com. Esmonde, who has been awarded a posthumous V.C., was in command of the squadron of six "Swordfish" of the Fleet Air Arm which attacked the German battle-cruisers "Scharnhorst" and "Gneisenau" on February 12 in the Channel. He knew his enterprise was desperate, but led his squadron through an inferno of fire towards their target. Not one of the six aircraft returned.

LIEUT. R. B. STANNARD, V.C., R.N.R.

Lieut. R. B. Stannard was in command of the converted trawler H.M.S. "Arab" at Namsos, Norway, in 1940, where, after helping other ships against fierce air attacks, he placed his vessel in shelter, and attacked enemy aircraft by day, also keeping anti-submarine watch at night. He showed outstanding valour and devotion to duty.

2ND LIEUT. RICHARD WALLACE ANNAND, V.C., Durham Light Infantry (Supplementary Reserve).

2nd Lieut. Annand showed most conspicuous gallantry on May 15-16, 1940, when the platoon he commanded in Belgium was holding a damaged bridge. He attacked the enemy with hand-grenades, and after the order to retire had been given, went back to fetch his wounded batman.

Left: SERGT. JOHN HANNAH, V.C., R.A.F.

Sergt. Hannah is the youngest V.C. of the present war. On Sept. 15, 1940, he was the wireless operator air-gunner in an attack at Antwerp. The 'plane caught fire. By remaining and successfully extinguishing the fire, he enabled the pilot to bring the aircraft safely to its base.

ACTING FLIGHT LIEUT. RODERICK ALASTAIR BROOK LEAROYD, V.C., R.A.F.

Acting Flight Lieut. Learoyd repeatedly showed the highest conception of his duty as captain of a "Hampden" aircraft. On Aug. 12, 1940, he was detailed to make an attack on the Dortmund-Ems Canal. He pressed home the attack in face of intense fire.

THE LATE SERGEANT THOMAS GRAY, V.C., R.A.F.

The late Sergeant Thomas Gray was the observer of the leading aircraft of the formation of five which attacked and destroyed a bridge over the Albert Canal, Belgium. He and the pilot, F./O. Garland (also awarded the V.C.), were reported missing after the engagement.

LIEUT. (ACTING CAPTAIN) PHILIP JOHN GARDNER, V.C., M.C., Royal Tank Regiment, Royal Armoured Corps.

During the fighting near Tobruk in November, Captain Gardner's courage, determination and complete disregard for his own safety enabled him, despite his own wounds and in the face of intense fire, to save the life of a fellow-officer.

LIEUT. ARTHUR RODEN CUTLER, V.C., of the Australian Military Forces.

Lieut. Cutler showed sustained gallantry during the Syrian campaign. From June 19 till July 7 he carried out a series of exploits which made his name a byword among the troops.

At the time of writing, thirty-one men have, during the present war, been awarded the Victoria Cross. The decoration, which is worn before all others, was instituted on January 29, 1856, for conspicuous bravery. The bronze Maltese Cross bears the words "For Valour." On these pages we give portraits of twenty-nine of the V.C.s of this war. The other two recipients were Lieut.-Colonel Charles Groves Wright Anderson, M.C., of the Australian Military Forces, who set a magnificent example of brave leadership, determination and outstanding courage in Malaya from January 18-22, 1942; and the late Corporal John Hurst Edmondson, Australian Military Forces, who showed resolution, leadership and conspicuous bravery at Tobruk on April 13-14, 1941.

ROYALTY, DIPLOMACY, ROMANCE AND ADVENTURE:

The SEVEN KERSTENS CHILDREN *came across three continents with their mother, Mme. Sybilla Kerstens, from Java to England. Their father is Dutch Minister of Economics and Shipping. The Dutch are push-bike "fans," and the children have been given new bicycles.*

SQUADRON LEADER S. PULLEIN COULSON, *of the R.A.F. Fighter Pilot Training Station in Nova Scotia, married* MISS PHYLLIS WEBBER, *a W.R.E.N. stationed in Washington, D.C. They met during the passage from England to America.*

The G.W.R. *has sacrificed historical documents in the cause of munitions. Records going back for years are being carted off from the book-room near Paddington. . . . Have* YOU *turned out every possible scrap of salvage?*

Right: OXFORD UNIVERSITY WOMEN *beat* CAMBRIDGE *in the annual squash rackets match at Oxford. Our group shows (l. to r., standing) V. Forsyth, P. Fitt, E. Thomas, M. Martin, J. Bisgood and P. Sale; and (seated) H. Ware, Rosemary Tyrrell (captain; Oxford), Daphne Portway (captain; Cambridge), M. de Putron.*

SQUADRON LEADER K. TRUSCOTT, *Royal Australian Air Force, in the cockpit of a "Spitfire" named "Ginger Bred" subscribed for by red-heads all over the world. £5000 was collected.*

The marriage of MISS STELLA JANET LISTER, *only daughter of Canon and Mrs. J. G. Lister, to Captain the Hon. Edward Astley, Coldstream Guards, elder son of Lord Hastings, is fixed for April 11.*

NOTABLE PEOPLE IN THE WEEK'S NEWS-SHEET.

WING COMMANDER PICKARD, seen with MRS. PICKARD and Ming, led the *Paratroop raid on the French coast. He was the pilot of "F for Freddie" in "Target for To-night." He is the brother of Lady (Cedric) Hardwicke.*

H.M. THE QUEEN *took* T.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH *and* PRINCESS MARGARET *to the Palace Theatre panto. "Jack and Jill" last week. Her Majesty wore powder blue.*

Left: MISS KATHLEEN HARRIMAN, *daughter of Mr. Averell Harriman, President Roosevelt's personal representative, recently inspected members of the Purley A.T.C. with the new chief,* MR. W. W. WAKEFIELD, M.P.

MR. WINANT, *U.S. Ambassador, received a warm handshake from* MME. MAISKY *at the reception given by her and the* SOVIET AMBASSADOR. *Mr. Winant has just left for a brief visit to the States.*

The engagement of MISS AUDREY CECIL BATES, *daughter of the late Major Cecil Bates, to Captain Thomas Heron Hazelrigg, second son of Sir Arthur Hazelrigg, Bt., has been announced.*

MISS IONA McCLEAN, *younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Sir Francis and Lady McClean, is engaged to Captain Lord Carrington, Grenadier Guards.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO— ANN MILLER, for her quick-fire tap-dance paced by a machine-gun.

CREATING a world-record with 840 taps to the minute, ANN MILLER'S dance is paced off-stage by a real machine-gun in Paramount's new film "True to the Army," shortly coming to London.

Ann takes her stance; draws a deep breath.

840 taps to the minute make a world-record.

Feather-light taps won't crash up the car.

Right: Perfect legs mean perfect balance.

And she's away, with toes like lightning.

She's off to the ceiling!

The ballet skirt swirls in the breeze.

With a graceful side-sway.

One more leap and the dance is over.

Attempts to secure the ball from a line-out.

Touched instead of tackled: a player gets rid of the ball.

The player must get rid of the ball when she is touched.

Scoring a try: the touch-down.

SCRAMBALL: FEMINISED RUGGER FOR SERVICE GIRLS.

SCRAMBALL is the name of the new ball game for Service women. It's a kind of maidenly or feminised Rugger, devised by Flight Lieut. A. J. Adams, the sports supervisor of N.A.A.F.I., who is well known as middle-weight boxing [Continued opposite.

Converting a try: the ball has to be thrown through a hoop instead of being kicked between posts.

Continued.]
champion of the R.A.F. It has many features in common with Rugger, but to make it suitable for girls the scrum and tackle have been eliminated. The player with the ball, instead of being tackled, is merely touched and must then get rid of the ball. After a touch-down the try has to be converted. Instead of being kicked between goal-posts, the ball has to be thrown through a hoop of about 2 ft. in diameter, which is raised a few feet above the ground. In order to try out the game, the W.A.A.F. put on two teams for the benefit of Flight Lieut. Adams and other sports experts, and it was at this initial trial game of Scramball that our photographs were taken.

THE ARRESTINGLY GOOD-LOOKING MRS. DUBEDAT:

VIVIEN LEIGH as *Mrs. Dubedat, in an evening dress of the period, 1906, made with a gored skirt and train; and worn with massive jewellery.*

The charm of the blouse and skirt: VIVIEN LEIGH

THE revival of Shaw's "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMM
the Wind" fame, has been successfully touring si
at the Haymarket last week. Vivien Leigh personifies
all demur an arrestingly good-looking young woman,"
of 1906, when the play was originally produced,

N.B. Colour plate i

an amusing costume from " The Doctor's Dilemma."

" with VIVIEN LEIGH, the screen-star of " Gone With
last September, and was due for its London *première*
rge Bernard Shaw's description of his heroine as " beyond
d wears some enchanting period dresses. The fashions
admirably presented, and are correct in every detail.

rted in this issue.

VIVIEN LEIGH AS A SHAVIAN BEAUTY OF 1906.

VIVIEN LEIGH *in a* costume tailleur *of the early years of the century, complete with lace jabot and watch-brooch.*

"*Moscow Bells*" *opens with a performance of Tchaikowski's* "*Overture 1812.*" *This Moscow landscape is the drop-curtain.*

And here is the GREAT FIRE OF MOSCOW, *a striking scene by Lukomski.*

VARIETY À *LA* RUSSE: "MOSCOW BELLS," AT THE LONDON COLISEUM.

"MOSCOW BELLS," described as a new Anglo-Russian spectacle, at the London Coliseum, is a gay and attractive mixture of opera, ballet and musical humoresque. The ballet is "The Building of Russia" to music by Prokofiev; the opera consists of excerpts from "Sadko," and there are comic songs and a Russian musical comedy, "The Don Cossacks." Sadko is sung by Francis Russell and Ivor Samuel alternately.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DAVIS.

Scenes from Rimski-Korsakov's opera "SADKO" *are given. The Fairy Princess* (LINA MENOVA) *is appearing to Sadko the Guslar, or lute-player* (IVOR SAMUEL).

LINA MENOVA *as the Fairy Princess who rises from the lake, entranced by the singing of Sadko.*

DELA LIPINSKAYA *as Madame de Pompadour in* "*Heroines of Romance,*" *a* "*Musical Grotesque.*"

Two of the Novgorod peasants wearing amusing masks in the market-place scene of "*Sadko.*"

"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER" AT HOME.

ROBERT MORLEY, *brilliant and accomplished actor, is drawing big houses to the Savoy to see him in the "rich, ripe part" of Sheridan Whiteside, the title-rôle of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," the amusing play by George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. He will be seen as Charles James Fox in the forthcoming film "The Young Mr. Pitt," and, as "Sketch" readers will remember from our recently published Cecil Beaton portraits of him in the part, achieves an amazing resemblance to the famous statesman. Here he is as himself, at home with* MRS. MORLEY *and their infant son, who was born on the first night of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," and has, in consequence, been named Sheridan. Mrs. Morley, who was Miss Joan Buckmaster, is the daughter of Miss Gladys Cooper (Mrs. Philip Merivale) by her first marriage.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CECIL BEATON.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

"THE CORSICAN BROTHERS" (Gaumont and Marble Arch Pavilion) is a ghost from the past. Written by Alexandre Dumas, played Heaven knows how many times in how many theatres by Victorian and Edwardian actor-managers, the story belongs to the golden age of Thespianism, the days when melodrama was melodrama, when an actor would die sooner than throw a line away, when the wisecrack had never been invented.

The film adaptors—wisely, as I think—have kept the piece as much as possible in the traditional style. It opens on a top note of excitement. It is the big night, it seems, in the life of Count Franchi (Henry Wilcoxon), the Corsican nobleman. The guests are assembled in his home to hear the news of the arrival of his first-born. The doctor (H. B. Warner) comes from the Countess's bedside, and with a grave face breaks the news to Franchi. He must be brave, he says—and, indeed, the situation is one that, happily, does not confront most fathers. The Franchi heirs are twins, and—stop a moment; that 's not all—Siamese twins!

Franchi, the strong, clear-thinking type, insists that the doctor shall operate. But in the meantime it 's a big night, too, at the home of the Franchis' deadly foes. the Colonnas. Baron Colonna (Akim Tamiroff), a rowdy gentleman with vile table manners and a foreign accent (Franchi speaks the English pure), decides that this is the perfect moment for paying off old scores. Now, while the Franchi guests are celebrating, the Colonna boys could finish the vendetta for good and all. So they ride against the Franchis, and wipe them out—Count, Countess, and all the guests and relations. Only, of course, they overlook the twins, whom the doctor has sneaked out by a back stair.

The doctor operates, successfully. One twin, Mario, is to be brought up by kindly, rich people in Paris. The other, Lucien, is to live with Corsican bandits in the charge of a faithful retainer. Only, just before the babies are sent away an odd thing happens. A tight neckband bothers Mario, but it is Lucien who screams. . . .

Twenty years later, when both babies have apparently grown up into Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the same odd sympathy is seen to be operating. Whatever happens to Mario in Paris is felt by Lucien in Corsica. Mario is pinked in a duel, and Lucien wakes up in agony. Mario falls in love with a beautiful Countess (Ruth Warrick) and Lucien shares his infatuation. In fact, it quickly transpires that the operation at birth didn't really sever them at all. They are still, it seems, one body, with the unfortunate Lucien sentient for both of them.

This situation seems to me so much the most interesting part of the story that I am sorry the picture doesn't make more of it. It turns up here and there, of course, with Lucien's growing jealousy when the brothers do meet, his doubt whether his love for the Countess is his own or his twin's, his bitterness against fate, his malicious joy when Mario is captured and put to torture. But its more subtle implications, perhaps naturally, are left undeveloped, and the film is soon too busy with vendetta to bother much about bio-psychology.

I won't spoil the story by telling you what happens when Baron Colonna learns that a young man in a red stocking-cap, riding a bay mare, is on his trail. And that the young man can be seen in two places at once. And that whenever he kills a Colonna, he leaves behind him a dagger with the arms of the Franchi.

The younger Fairbanks, of course, can do this sort of thing dashingly, although his antics never quite achieve the high-speed perfection of his father's. Taking it all round, though, "The Corsican Brothers" is first-rate escapist entertainment. It goes with such a swing. It is traditional sword-and-cloak melodrama, with plenty of movement and abundant situation. And there is a crackerjack duel between Fairbanks and Tamiroff, with rapiers swishing, furniture smashing and the villain obviously doomed to slaughter, and the fencers leaping lightly over the fallen bodies of their enemies.

A Bob Hope film, I am told, is an absolutely certain draw in the West End of London, and few people are likely to inquire what the title of "LOUISIANA PURCHASE" (Plaza) means, so long as the wisecracking comedian is in the picture. This is possibly just as well, for the real Louisiana Purchase—the celebrated deal by which Thomas Jefferson bought the territory of Louisiana for 15,000,000 dollars from Napoleon Bonaparte way back in 1803—is just what the film is not about. True, it is a costume piece of sorts, but the costumes are 1942 and beyond. There are hundreds of them—costumes for day wear and evening wear, costumes for sports wear, beach wear and carnival wear, pulchritudinously filled, photographed in Technicolor, and set to music by Irving Berlin.

The reference in the title is to a shady business concern known as the Louisiana Purchasing Company, of which Jim Taylor (Bob Hope) is the president. The plot, which concerns American politics and municipal graft, is about as clear as mud to me. But it appears that one Senator Loganberry (Victor Moore) is coming to investigate affairs in the State, that it is absolutely essential that he should not see the books of the L.P.C. and that Jim Taylor, in some way blameless, although president, must prevent the investigation from going through.

In order to do this, he tries to compromise the Senator with a Viennese refugee (Vera Zorina), makes him drunk on "river water" and arranges for cuties to pop out at him from under his hotel bed. But none of these tricks stops the zealous Senator, and at last, after a Mardi Gras procession which seems to have nothing at all to do with the plot, our young Hopeful is forced into a three-days "filibuster" to prevent the reading of the report. He entertains the State Legislature with "Gone With the Wind" and "The Three Bears" (in an illustrated edition), and it is sad to have to admit that these heroic measures are largely wasted, since a last-minute letter—a mere letter to the Senator—eventually proves the young man's innocence.

Although I found the plot a bit of a nuisance, and got rather tired of the sound-track's insistence that To-morrow is a Lovely Day, I enjoyed "Louisiana Purchase." Chiefly I was delighted by Victor Moore's wise and kindly sketch of the incorruptible old Senator. Mr. Moore is one of America's most beloved stage comedians, and this particular part he has played for fifty-eight weeks on Broadway.

If "THE SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN" doesn't prove a success at the Empire, then London has either lost its sense of humour or its flair for finding out a good film. This is the fourth in the series of "Thin Man" adventures, and is better than any but the first. Don't expect me to tell you the plot. I can't, and wouldn't if I could, so much does the charm of these comedy-thrillers depend on the quality of surprise in gag and incident. Roughly speaking, it concerns a police inquiry into the supposed murder of a jockey. Nick and Nora Charles, now permanently, as they suppose, domesticated, are brought into the affair by accident through a summons for speeding. It 's a gift, of course,

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Ambassadors: "OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES." Superb evacuee comedy. Mary Clare; Phyllis Dare.

** Apollo: "OLD ACQUAINTANCE." Edith Evans in John van Druten's play. Perfect acting.

** Coliseum: "MOSCOW BELLS." Entertaining colourful Anglo-Russian spectacle of Russian opera and ballet.

*** Comedy: "RISE ABOVE IT," Second Edition. Burlesque revue with Hermione Baddeley; Hermione Gingold; Walter Crisham; Henry Kendall.

**Garrick: "WARN THAT MAN." Gordon Harker foils a Fifth Columnist.

** Globe: "THE MORNING STAR." Emlyn Williams in his own raid-nights play. Angela Baddeley.

**Haymarket: "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.

**Hippodrome: "GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical. Vic Oliver; Jeanne Ravel; Celia Lipton.

**His Majesty's: "LADY BEHAVE." Glamorous speedy musical comedy. Stanley Lupino; Sally Gray.

** Palladium: "GANGWAY." George Black's Musical Smile; with Tommy Trinder; Bebé Daniels; Ben Lyon.

***Piccadilly: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward brings two ghost wives back to earth. Fay Compton; Kay Hammond; Cecil Parker; Margaret Rutherford.

***Prince's: "FUN AND GAMES." Just what its name implies. Sydney Howard; Arthur Riscoe; Vera Pearce; Richard Hearne.

*St. James's: "THE NUTMEG TREE." Comedy with Yvonne Arnaud.

*St. Martin's: "JAM TO-DAY." Beatrix Lehmann in comedy.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

*Windmill: Non-stop revudeville.

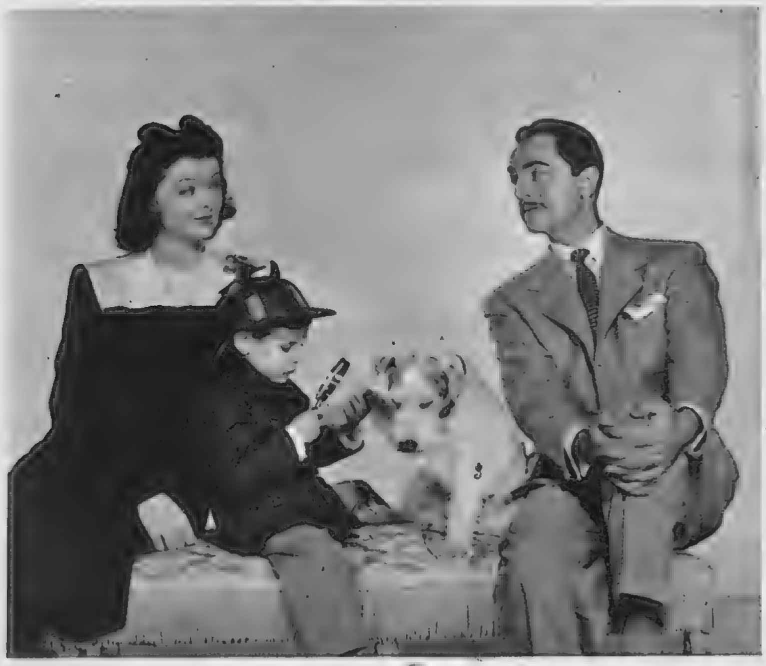
PANTOMIME.

Palace (2 and 5.30): "JACK AND JILL." Arthur Askey; Florence Desmond.

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

for any traffic cop with a murder on his hands to find himself handing a ticket to the only private sleuth likely to solve it.

The picture is sparkling, polished and effortless, and catches your fancy from the opening shot, which looks like an old gag, but isn't. You see Nick Charles strolling nonchalantly along, the slack of Asta's lead in his hand, stopping every now and then as the lead gets taut. Aha! you think, they 've used that gag once too often: they 're losing grip. And then the camera pans along the lead, and you see what is at the other end of it, and it isn't what you expect at all. Both William Powell and Myrna Loy, I thought, were right back in their "Thin Man" form, and nobody can do this sort of comedy better than Mr. Powell and Miss Loy at their best.



The fourth Thin Man episode—"Shadow of the Thin Man" (Empire)—brings back our domestic quadrangle again: Nick (WILLIAM POWELL), *Nora* (MYRNA LOY), *Nick, Jr.* (DICKIE HALL), *and* ASTA *as himself. Taking Nora to the races one day, Nick runs slap into the supposed murder of a jockey.*

Standing on the balcony with her coloured maid Stella (LOUISE BEAVERS), *Nora rakes the park with field-glasses in search of Nick.*

I 'm afraid I can't be quite so enthusiastic over "DIVE-BOMBER" (Regal). In spite of its title, this turns out to be a peacetime film about scientific research in America's Naval Air Arm. It is very long, and suffers perhaps from comparison with the same company's "Captains of the Clouds," which manages to make the problems of flight and flyers so very much more exciting. It also lacks the strength of characterisation of its companion picture. Mr. Flynn, no doubt, is prettier than Mr. Cagney, but his performance doesn't always convince as well.

"Dive-Bomber" is about a young lieutenant in the Naval Medical Corps (Errol Flynn) who determines to become a flight surgeon. He is piqued into this decision, apparently, by a cynical pilot, Joe (Fred MacMurray), who tells him that doctors can't expect to do much for flyers unless they know something themselves about the conditions of flying. Right through the film, in fact, Joe keeps on being a thorn in his flesh, until Dr. Doug. manages to pull Joe's 'plane out of a tail-spin, and the two become the closest buddies.

In the meantime, between verbal sparrings with his co-star, Dr. Doug. passes his flight tests and goes right along with the good work of science. He and his superior officer (Ralph Bellamy), the doctor in charge of research at San Diego, are trying to discover the cause and cure of flyers' "black-out." They experiment with belts and pressure-chambers. Joe, at first truculent, but later reformed, is their "human guinea-pig."

At long, very long, last Doug. and Joe, with the inspiration of a blonde's screw-up lipstick, design what they think is the perfect pressure-suit. Disobeying orders, Joe goes up to test it. He crashes, leaving a note to say how the suit can be made quite foolproof. One is sorry, of course, but really Joe has behaved so insolently all through that one feels that a teeny-weeny crash, though not, of course, this fatal one, might have been quite salutary. At any rate, the film ends in a burst of parade-ground fervour, with the bombers flying off into a Technicolor sunset, and an honourable mention for everybody.

With deadly acuteness, devastating sangfroid and charm Nick unravels three murders during the course of the film.

"GENERAL SUVOROV" (Tatler) belongs in the classical gallery of Russian pictures. This vast historical canvas is the work of the great Pudowkin, and deals with one of the most celebrated heroes of Russian military history, who fought as an old man against Napoleon. This Suvorov, "the General who never lost a battle," was not only a great soldier and a great strategist, but a character, a card. His enemies respected him. His men idolised him. He would appear on the battle-field in his shirt, with his orders pinned on the breast. When he wore a uniform, it was a private's. He was small, frail and deliberately eccentric, with a mischievous sense of humour.

The film shows Suvorov's struggles against the military régime of the mad Tsar Paul, his voluntary retirement to his country estate, his return to lead the Allied forces against the brilliant youngster, Buonaparte, his triumphs in North Italy and the Alps against terrific odds. As played by N. Charkasov, the General is a vivid force. He is theatrical, but Suvorov, it seems, was a great actor too. The film, perhaps, is a little over-dialogued, and some of the campaigns, to English audiences, just a little vague. But on the whole "General Suvorov" is a rich presentment of the eighteenth-century scene, and Pudowkin rarely fumbles his enormous canvas.

Fourteen-year-old JILL DUNCAN, *a promising young skater, doing the "splits" with the greatest of ease. She recently won the gold medal of the National Skating Association.*

A lesson in ballet technique: MELITTA BRUNNER *and ten-year-old pupil* ANN DOUBLE.

A veteran and a young skating enthusiast at the party: MR. HERBERT J. CLARKE, *white-haired champion, and twelve-year-old* MARY HALES *of Melitta Brunner's ballet school.*

MISS MELITTA BRUNNER *with* LIEUT. RALPH McREITH, *of the Canadian Army, who holds the title of Canadian Amateur Figure-skating Champion.*

MIA MACKLIN *(Mrs. Hodge). She's a gold medallist skater and an A.R.P. warden, but her real job is stage and screen.*

MELITTA BRUNNER, *ice ballerina and N.S.A. gold medallist, wearing a peasant costume for her exhibition number, a Czech national dance on skates.*

SKATING BALLERINAS GET TOGETHER.

THE Arosa Ice Rink of the Richmond Sports-Drome was the scene of a notable party when skaters got together to entertain MISS MELITTA BRUNNER, the ice ballerina whose "Ballet Eurhythmic and Dancing Classes on Ice" are so well known. Miss Brunner is a distinguished skater, winner of the N.S.A. gold medal and of the world's professional championship in 1932. Sonja Henie, Sir Samuel Hoare and other distinguished people have had lessons from her, and she is now giving ice-ballet classes for war workers and for poor children in need of physical recreation. Our photographs show some of the performers at the recent party in Miss Brunner's honour.

The GREEN SISTERS, BETTY *and* MARY. *Silver medallists, they are among the best of British pair skaters. By day they are busy on munitions.*

BEGINNING TO GROW UP: SHIRLEY TEMPLE IN "KATHLEEN."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE *enjoying a game of Chinese checkers with her stand-in,* MARY LOU ISLEIB, *during an interval between scenes at the studio.*

Schoolgirl fashions are worn by Shirley in her current film "Kathleen." This particular dress is a tailored affair carried out in blue silk and made with a crisp organdie collar.

Here's a study of SHIRLEY TEMPLE *at work. She is going through the script of a film. The poodle Fifi is taking a personal interest, as it is also in the picture world, and has a rôle in "Kathleen."*

The famous child star has begun to grow up, and is an attractive schoolgirl in her current picture "Kathleen." She and her director are discussing the question of flowers for her hair.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is growing up quickly and has an endearing schoolgirl part in her current picture, "Kathleen," which is released to cinemas south of the river in London this week. The story deals with the fortunes of a motherless child with a too-busy father in the person of Herbert Marshall.

Right: And here Shirley's blue silk dress is topped by a smart plaid jacket for street wear in blue and soft pink. Though Shirley's getting a big girl now, she still wears socks.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

"CURTAIN UP" is the autobiography of a dramatist. Few lives—especially lives as far from completion as (we hope) Mr. Lennox Robinson's is—have the attributes of form and construction which would turn them into a play, nor has Mr. Robinson's, although for convenience' sake he divides it into three Acts. But both in its background and its foreground, drama, or the clash of wills that makes the motive power of drama, is constantly taking place. We have, first of all, the drama of the Irish Nationalist Movement—a movement in which Mr. Robinson was sometimes caught up, though his part in it was literary rather than political. Then again there is the dramatic career of the Abbey Theatre, with its tremendous fluctuations of fortune, months and years of glory succeeded by periods of failure equally long. And lastly there is the drama of Mr. Robinson's own life, a challenge to Destiny associated with those other two, but also a private challenge, to which Destiny sometimes—as when "Is Life Worth Living?" was produced in New York—returned a dusty answer, and sometimes—as with the sensational success of "The White-Headed Boy"—a golden one.

The Abbey Theatre. Quite a considerable and not the least interesting part of Mr. Robinson's autobiography—which starts with the century—is given to critical analyses of plays by the playwrights of the Abbey Theatre, Yeats, Lady Gregory, Sean O'Casey, the author himself, and many others. In these he insists on the importance to a play of brevity and tautness, qualities in which Lady Gregory, who loved the Irish idiom too well to leave out any phrase that took her fancy, was deficient. He would rather a play was "thinly" written, and go, than "richly" written, and drag. His autobiography never drags, but neither does it take on the tension of the drama; much of its charm comes from the way it is written, the relaxed tone, the discursiveness which is somehow never unselective, the personal note which is intimate but never intrusive or egocentric. Mr. Robinson has been a successful producer of plays; he is equally successful in the less technical but more intuitive task of producing himself. Few writers can have had a happier manner with their readers; and this, translated into the craft of writing, means a literary style of rare excellence, a perfect instrument for its purpose.

Controversy. The period, the events, the personalities that Mr. Robinson writes of have always been associated with controversy; for many years the streets of Dublin ran with blood, and in the drawing-rooms of Dublin conversational gladiators left wounds that were hardly less lasting. Mr. Robinson was mixed up in all this, these fierce literary and political passions, nor does he minimise them; at the same time, except in a few instances, he keeps his tone free from bitterness. And even when he gets angry, his indignation is not that of a blind partisan; he shows almost as much disgust at the burning of Sir Horace Plunkett's house as at the premature arrangements for Sir Roger Casement's funeral.

I cannot leave this delightful book without a reference to the three ghost stories embedded in it. Their being there at all testifies to the genial inclusiveness of the author's method, for though interested in psychical research, and claiming himself to have seen more than one ghost, he did not (happily for him) play a personal part in any of these stories. All are good, all leave one feeling "uneasy," but the last and longest, "The Door," is a masterpiece; I don't remember any story in which the supernatural shakes the foundations of normal experience harder than it does here. Of the many good reasons for reading Mr. Robinson's book, "The Door" is one of the best.

Mr. Joyce Cary. Mr. Joyce Cary is another Irish writer, but he belongs to no school, national or literary, not even to his own; for nearly all his novels are experiments in search of new experience, or perhaps I should say a new light on experience. To get this new light he explores a fresh consciousness, he not only explores but identifies himself with it, and this is not a mere phrase: for the space of the story he is practically indistinguishable from its protagonist. In "Herself Surprised," the protagonist is a domestic servant, a cook who marries the master of the house. Sally's adventures do not end there. At her husband's death she passes as the wife of an unsuccessful painter, who borrows from her and beats her; separating from him, she again becomes a servant and again attracts the too-affectionate notice of her employer. She was not promiscuous, but if she felt sorry for any man she was unable to resist him; with her, love was akin to pity, and the more superficially unattractive the object, the greater the solicitude she felt. She married Matt because the women in the house, his mother and Miss Maul, stifled him and would not let him live a life of his own; she loved Jimson because he was chronically out at elbows and at odds with Fate; she accepted Mr. Wilcher's elderly embraces because there was no one else to do so. She was a man's woman if ever there was one; in making a man comfortable, morally and physically, she fulfilled her being.

But she was not a sensualist. She was an insatiable reader of "good" books (her favourite author was Miss Charlotte Yonge) and she was an acute observer, both of people and things. What she saw, she saw with the eye of love; the eternal world nourished in her a glad and confident sense of life. She also saw with the eye of a domestic servant; even her similes show the influence of her profession:

> "I liked to see out of the scullery windows when I was washing up, the banks under the trees so fresh green as angelica, right into June, and the elms rich like cucumbers halfway through August."

Philosopher and Moralist. Besides being an observer, she was a philosopher and a moralist. Religion was as much in her thoughts as the word is on her pen: she had high ideals, higher for herself than for her friends, and was perpetually surprised at her inability to live up to them. In the main her faults were faults of generosity: she could not say no; least of all could she deny any claim made on her that had the urgency of life behind it. She was in love with life: that was why she could not bring herself to abandon Jimson, the scrubby little painter whose vitality was his only personal asset, and why she stuck to her friend Rozzie, that Rubens-like epitome of all jovial barmaids, and why she forgave her daughters for the snobbery which, she realised, was only an expression of their natural wish to get on in the world. The judge who condemned her was mistaken: it was not moral sense she lacked, but moral fibre: she was quite without the moralist's ability to see life in terms of a theory, to regulate her conduct by a canon. But granting this, I still feel that the offence for which she was sent to prison—stealing from her employers—was one of which she would not have been guilty. It was her nature to give, not to take, to spend, not to hoard; stealing is a mean act, a sin of the spirit, while hers were sins of the flesh.

Apart from this, and apart from a streak of improbability, difficult to lay one's finger on, in the character of Mr. Wilcher, there seems to me to be more truth of human nature, a profounder understanding of the springs of action, in "Herself Surprised" than in any novel I have read for a long time.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER'S *first child,* **PRINCE WILLIAM HENRY ANDREW FREDERICK,** *born in December, was baptised last month at a private chapel in the country. The baby prince is fourth in direct succession to the Throne, following Princess Elizabeth, the heir-presumptive, Princess Margaret, and his father, the Duke of Gloucester, whom he very strongly resembles.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ERIC AGER.

A Jewish Family in Exile. Any novelist who takes some aspect of the international situation for his field, and examines it at all realistically, is likely to have little but cold comfort to offer his readers. Miss Eunice Buckley's subject is the situation of a family of Jewish refugees ("refujews," as somebody called them) who had left Vienna to escape the Nazi persecution. Mainly Austrians, the enormous family who thronged Annushka's London drawing-room, to the dismay of her parlourmaid, had ramifications in most Central European countries. Their numbers keep mounting all through the book, and the burden of comforting, entertaining, and providing for them fell on Annushka, the only one of the three sisters who had a house in England. All were racially Jews, or near-Jews, but some, notably Annushka's son, Ernest, had abandoned their religion, and others regarded with misgivings, and a good deal of ironic humour, the increasing numbers of their co-religionists. Not so Annushka, who was an angel, her sensitive nature torn this way and that by the rival claims and problems of her enormous family, sitting there, as one of them said, "not wanted by anybody, like parcels in a lost property office, awaiting the permits for Australia or America." The horrors of the persecution past, the unfortunate exiles were threatened with the boredom of a blank future.

Not all of them, however. Their traditional Jewish vitality came to their aid; family concerns, why Camilla had not married, why Ernest, the half-Jew, had forbidden his daughter to marry a Jew, exercised and kept up their indomitable clan spirit. They made what they could of their lives—made more than poor Annushka had strength to cope with. Their inter-relations, the nuances of their attitudes towards each other, so cleverly developed in the birthday-party luncheon Annushka gave for her old admirer, Wolfi, do not quite make a story; "Family from Vienna" suffers from the same handicap that the family itself did—lack of purpose and direction. Even the romance promised for Camilla comes to cruel frustration. But there is so much humour in the book—Minna's wonderful English, Stefi's unfailing tactlessness—that boredom is banished and even sadness kept at bay. A charming story and one that, unlike so many, pours balm on wounds, not vinegar.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Curtain Up. An Autobiography. By Lennox Robinson. (*Michael Joseph*; 10s. 6d.)
Herself Surprised. By Joyce Cary. (*Michael Joseph*; 8s.)
Family from Vienna. By Eunice Buckley. (*Andrew Dakers*; 8s.)

LITTLE-ODD-OLD "GENERAL SUVOROV," WHO NEVER LOST A BATTLE.

"*A little-odd-old-man, stript to his shirt*": *General Suvorov addressing his troops on the field of battle.*

"*But there is no foe left. You see, this is the enemy camp. We started a day early.*" *Suvorov surprises the courier.*

"GENERAL SUVOROV" has been produced at the Tatler Theatre in its season of Soviet films. Suvorov (1730-1800) is "the General who never lost a battle." He was called "General Forward" and "Field-Marshal Private" by his men; and was as eccentric as he was brilliant. He usually appeared in his shirt, and when he wore uniform it was that of a private. His last exploit was in the High Alps, when his army was deserted by the Austrians and left to fight alone. He attacked across a "Devil's Bridge," repaired by fastening the beams with the officers' sashes. Nelson wrote to Suvorov that he was proud to hear that physically they resembled each other; Byron wrote a stanza about the "Little-odd-old man" whose coming made the camp rejoice.

Exiled to his estate by the mad Tsar Paul, General Suvorov has one faithful adherent, his valet Prokhor.

The insane Tsar Paul, in response to pressure from his allies, Britain and Austria, offers Suvorov the command of his armies.

At Court, Suvorov has one friend, his former officer, and the future commander of Russia's armies against Napoleon, Kutuzov.

After victories in Italy, Suvorov's armies are cut off in the Alps, hungry, frozen and abandoned by their ally Austria.

THE PLEDGE.*

By A. M. BURRAGE.

VERNON MEAD stood jingling his few silver coins. He was frowning, but his mouth—pursed as if to whistle—lent him an air of troubled speculation rather than of annoyance. He was tall and lean, of the type and build which wears good clothes in a manner to warm the heart of their creator.

Most women liked the man on sight; few men really disliked him before they knew him. The telegram in his breast pocket irked him. It was as pregnant with warning as thunder and lightning in classical tragedy—although the words were commonplace: "*Return Liverpool at once Genievieve ill*—TOBY."

He knew who Toby was, but his anxiety was not concerned with the health of any lady called Genievieve. It was the fact of his knowing nobody of that name which made the message so sinister. And he thought: Why the devil couldn't he have wired me some money? He might have guessed I was broke.

His fingers went caressingly over his clothes and touched a heavy bulge in the watch-pocket of his waistcoat. It was his only remaining asset—that which ticked there over his heart. It had little intrinsic value, and he had his own reasons for being loth to part from it. Still, a very small sum would complete the cost of his fare to London and give him the passport to one or two haunts of the unwary.

Mead looked up suddenly, and made up his mind at the sight of the Respectable Citizen hurrying towards him. His own smile, apologetic and disarming, matched the mellow culture of his voice.

"Excuse me, Sir. Could you direct me to a pawnshop?" And he laughed, to show how well aware he was of the oddity of the request and of the tacit admission which went with it.

The Respectable Citizen looked slightly startled. "A pawnshop? I'm afraid there isn't such a thing in Milchester."

Mead's face fell. "Really! In a place like Milchester!"

"There used to be one. But the man was bought out. Too many of the college boys popping their things, although the shop was out of bounds. There's a regulation about only one pawnshop to so many per cent. of the population—I forget what it is exactly. So the headmaster, Canon Lording, is the local pawnbroker. But, of course, nobody would ever dream of—*well*!"

"No?" said Mead. "No. Well—er—thank you."

He smiled, nodded and passed on, hiding sudden anger. It was damnable, that was what it was—damnable!

Still brooding angrily, he turned in the direction of the huddle of grey buildings which stood on a slight eminence at the north end of the little city. Well, if the learned but infernal cleric demanded to be a pawnbroker—let him!

A policeman directed him to the headmaster's house. Still frowning, Mead rang the bell, and presently a butler opened the wide door.

"Is Canon Lording in?"

The man was non-committal.

"I don't know, Sir. What name may I say?"

Mead had his answer prepared. His own unlocked no doors. But there is magic in the patronymic of a Cabinet Minister. Old Walter Sanfold—now Home Secretary—would be furious about it if he knew, but it could not be helped.

"Say Mr. Sanfold. Mr. *Raymond* Sanfold."

The name Sanfold did its work. Mead followed the butler into a small room on the left of the hall. A minute later Canon Lording, in another room, was frowning over the mention of his caller's recently acquired name.

"Did he say what he wanted?" He was often irritated by ignorant relatives making personal calls on him instead of going straight to the boys' housemasters. "Did you tell him that the Sanfolds are in Mr. Dobson's house?"

"No, Sir. He asked to see you personally."

"Very well. Show him—no, I'll go down and see him."

Canon Lording hummed to himself for a moment when he was alone. He did not see more strangers than he could help. But truly the name Sanfold carried weight—even if it were not *the* Sanfold. He adjusted his expression and went downstairs. A minute later Mead had risen and echoed Canon Lording's "Good afternoon."

"I take it," said the Headmaster, "that you have really come to call on your—ah—nephews."

"Not exactly nephews, Sir. My cousin's boys. I heard they were here. But I have never even seen them, and possibly they have not heard of me. We are a large family."

Canon Lording smiled. "You might well have said a great family," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"I want to borrow three pounds."

At the sight of the Canon's frozen face, Mead controlled his own with no small effort.

"My dear Sir!"

"On security, of course. For the moment I am awkwardly placed. I have had a telegram, and I want to catch the night train to Liverpool. I bank there, and money is on the way to me, but if I go to-night, I must pass it in the post. The obvious thing for me was to leave my watch at one of the—er—usual places. I find that there isn't one, owing to a circumstance of which I believe you are aware."

"Good heavens!" said Canon Lording.

"I am sorry, Sir," Mead continued, "but really you have brought this on yourself. Pawnshops are not held in high repute, and I can understand it being undesirable to you to allow one to exist within reach of the boys. But really, my dear Sir, there are others to be considered; and if you deprive me of a convenience which the law provides for me, I have no option but to come to you. Here is my watch and here is the telegram I have received."

The telegram was out of its envelope and he held it carelessly folded, so that the name of the person to whom it was addressed stayed concealed.

"You will see," he resumed, "that my wife is ill——"

"My dear Sir, I quite understand. Accept my sympathy and my good wishes for a speedy recovery. I understand the position, of course, and naturally—— No, my dear Sir, please put away your watch."

Mead uttered a little laugh.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I had rather you kept it. I should like to wager that it is the first pledge you have been offered, and I mean to dine out on the story."

Canon Lording laughed. "It is the first pledge that I have been offered seriously—if you are really serious. But of course my friends joke with me. And I have had occasion to suspect certain members of the Sixth Classical—I take them in Greek—who have asked me if there were pawnshops in ancient Athens, and by what name they were known. Well, it looks a very nice watch, Mr. Sanfold!"

Mead recognised the playful note which had crept into the voice, and he played up to it.

"That, Sir," he said in a studied tone, "only goes to show, if I may say so, that you do not know your business. You should say that it is a very indifferent kind of watch."

"Excuse me a moment, and I will go round to the bursar's office. By the way"—the Canon's eyes twinkled—"how does one make out a pawn-ticket, and what—er—interest am I permitted to charge? That is to say, if you really insist——"

"I will make out two tickets for you," Mead laughed. "I keep one, and you the other."

"I see. Yes? I will not detain you a minute."

He hurried out, smiling, and at the end of the minute—which was seven minutes by the prospective pledge—he returned, still smiling, the notes in his hand.

"Here we are," he said genially. "Here is the piece of paper—the ticket—which I keep, and that is yours."

"If you will sign it, Sir. And now—about interest?"

"Dear me, dear me!" laughed the Canon. "I have forgotten the legal rate of usury."

"Fivepence in the pound each month. It works out at twenty-five per cent. per annum."

"I was never a mathematician, I am afraid. Fivepence in the pound sounds so little, and twenty-five per cent. per annum so much. I think we had better waive the matter of interest. Or, no, I will leave it to you. Like many other schools, we run an East End Mission. A noble and deserving work. Well, here is the money, my dear Sir, and I shall hear from you at your convenience. And now——"

He came to a pause which Mead understood. He rose, and began civilly to take his leave.

Mead never exactly "dined out" on the story; but a very different Mead told it—garnished with profanities—often enough, and always to the rats of the underworld with whom the Fallen Angels must consort. The story varied a little according to its garnishing, but always it reached the same climax, in which a member of the audience took part.

"Well, an' did yer get yer watch out o' pawn, Sniper?"

"No, of course I didn't." This was the real moment of the tale. "The rolled gold was wearing frightfully thin. Besides—it so happened that I'd stolen it." [THE END.

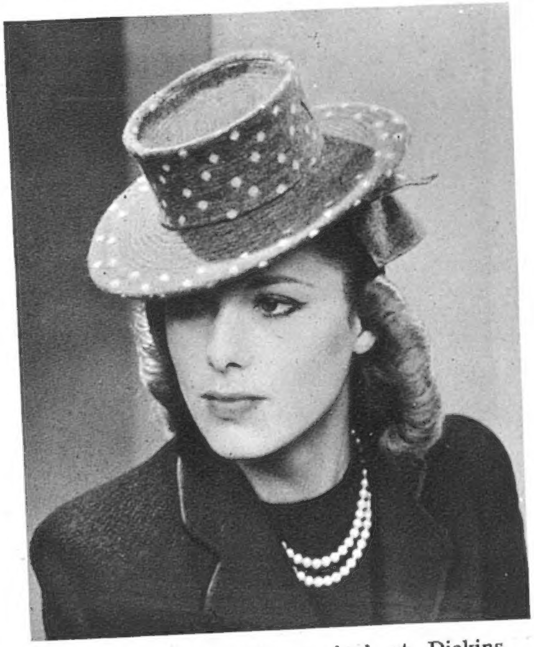
**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

WOMEN IN WARTIME

ALL - DAY DRESSES

STITCHED PLEATED SKIRTS

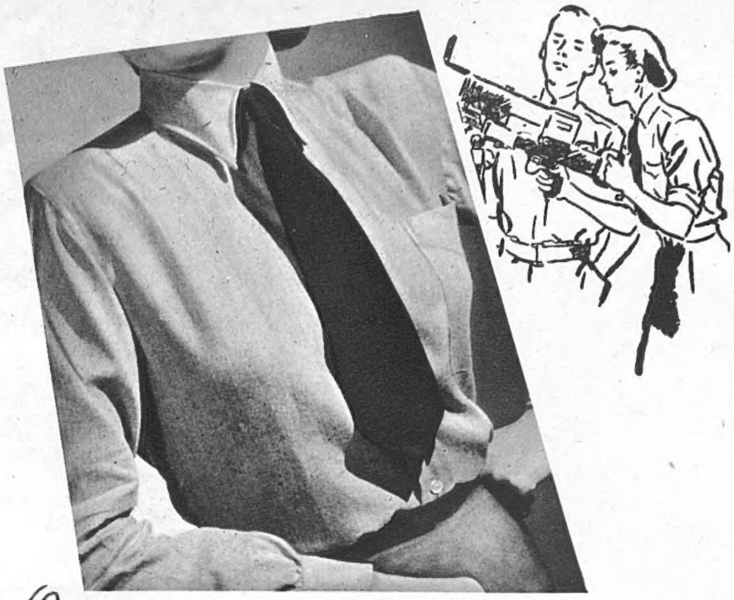
THE RETURN OF THE PEPLUM.



NOWHERE is the art of creating little frocks better understood than in Harrods, Knightsbridge, Inexpensive Dress Department. To-day they are making a feature of Spring Fashions, special attention being devoted to those that may appropriately be worn all day. Among them are those that give the impression of a two-piece, although they are cut in one—the peplum aids in this camouflage. Again there are adaptable affairs, neatly and cleverly reinforced with white piqué collars and cuffs. When jewellery is substituted the frocks become more festive. Pictured above is a neat black and white frock trimmed wlth ruches of lace at neck and sleeves. A clever device is present in the "Everlasting" model: on the skirt pleats are stitched down, hence they do not get out of order. No one must leave these salons until they have carefully studied the accessories: they are so useful in changing the aspect of a dress.

THE dress problem is very acute, but there is no more kindly friend than a hat which has been chosen with care as an aid in altering the appearance of an ensemble. Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, have dressed a section of their salons as a "hat bar." There are models suitable for all occasions, in dark and cheerful colourings. Pictured above is a shady hat expressed in white paper Panama and black satin; the latter encircles the crown.

A VERY interesting revival at Dickins and Jones is the sailor. In bygone days it was made of a rather coarse straw. The one above is of soft grey stockinette strewn with stars. Hats of nappa are well to the fore, especially when they are multi-coloured. Felt hats have their rôles to play. In some of the more severe forms the edges of the crown are slit up in various places.



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